

THE WORLD.

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"WORLD" GROWTH

STRIKINGLY SHOWN.

The Average Number of "WORLD" Printed Daily and also the Average Number of Advertisements Published Daily during the First Six Months of the Years 1884 and 1888 were as follows:

1884. 1888.

Average Number Advertisements Daily.

532. 1,816.

Average Daily Circulation.

56,749. 288,267.

THE LOTTERY POLICY CASES.

We do not think that the sentences imposed upon the policy dealers yesterday by Judge GILDERER were sufficiently severe, but the results achieved are valuable nevertheless. It has heretofore been regarded as almost impossible to convict a lottery policy dealer. The prosecution has been constantly broken down for want of legal proof. The evidence gathered by the reporters of THE EVENING WORLD was so clear, so carefully arranged and so conclusive that conviction was certain, and nothing was left the defendants but a plea of guilty. In addition to this THE EVENING WORLD has supplied a list of a large number of these meanest descriptions of gambling hells in existence in the city. Thus we have pointed out the location of the evil and have formulated a plan by which conclusive legal proof of the offense can be secured. If the police and the public prosecutor will now do their duty policy dealing can be exterminated.

SEEKING A LIVING.

It is said that 100,000 people are out of employment in this city. Whether these figures are exaggerated or not, it is well known that the willing workers who are idle are altogether too numerous and that the difficulty of obtaining employment is great.

With the hope of giving those who are seeking employment the benefit of the experience of one in a similar condition, THE EVENING WORLD has sent a reporter on such an errand among persons who advertise for help. His story will be told from day to day. It will be seen that his task was a wearying one, and that an idle man in search of a living has a great many difficulties to overcome before he succeeds. Yet there is room for hope if the applicant will persevere, keep up a good heart, and bear in mind the words of the song: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

This is the moral of THE EVENING WORLD's story, and we hope it will encourage the unemployed in persistent efforts to find work and not to be downhearted on account of a few failures.

HARRISON'S LETTER.

Mr. HARRISON's letter follows close on the heels of his competitor's. It is a well-written and, from the protectionist point of view, an able document, and is decidedly creditable to its author. Like Mr. OLIVELAND's letter, it leaves no room for doubt as to the true issue of the campaign. It is bold and distinct in its declaration in favor of high tariff duties for protection as well as for revenue.

There will, of course, be criticisms on Mr. HARRISON's position. It will be maintained that his tariff and internal revenue taxation policy is not in strict accord with his party's platform in the matter of prohibitive duties, and, if necessary, free whiskey. The latter point he evades, however, by the assertion that the occasion for the entire abolition of internal revenue taxes will never arise. It will be urged that his professions as to Tariffs are not in harmony with the friendliness of his party and its great leader to those combinations, and that his opposition to Chinese immigration is inconsistent with his past record. But there can be no criticism of the tone and style of the letter, both of which are to be commended.

Now the candidates have had their say, let the canvass commence in earnest. The people cannot do better than to study both letters intelligently and without prejudice.

A SILENT WITNESS.

The photographic art has frequently been invoked to aid the cause of love and matrimony. Many matches—let us hope happy ones—have been promoted by an exchange of photographs, and many a heart has been won by the contemplation of the charms of a female face, or the attractions of a manly form, in a red morocco case.

Now we find instantaneous photography, by the dazzling flash of a lime light, used as an instrument for the severance of the marriage ties and the detection of erring wives. Mr. AUGUST KUON, who is a practical photographer, having reason to suspect Mrs.

KUON of marital infidelity, traced her to the room of his "best friend," in the night-time, while she was summing at a Catekill hotel, and took a faithful picture of the unconscious couple while looked in slumbers deep but not secure. Armed with this silent but impressive witness Mr. KUON asks for a divorce.

This will be an interesting case for the courts. It will be impossible for the defense to cross-examine the most damaging witness for the prosecution, and as this is a privilege assured to a party to a suit it is possible that the testimony of the picture may be objected to on that account. At all events it will be a novel point at law.

MAYOR HEWITT HIKES CHAUNCEY M. DEPREW. He is willing to back up Mr. DEPREW's effort to connect the Hudson River Railroad with the Brooklyn Bridge by means of an underground railroad built at the city's expense. But he is not willing to get up an unreasonably early hour to join the DEPREW pow-wow down the bay. He declines to be one of the well-comers on that account.

The Michiganers have done well to re-nominate MELBOURNE H. FORD for Congress. Mr. FORD's energetic efforts to expose and stop the importation of foreign cheap labor by "protected" manufacturers are properly appreciated by his constituents.

On account of Judge NYE's enforced absence from the city there will unfortunately be some delay in announcing the prize-winners in the joke contest. The fortunate wit, with the author's name, will of course be printed when determined upon.

Miss CONSON's receipt for cooking a husband, which we publish to-day, is equal to anything Mrs. GLASS ever wrote. But Miss CONSON overlooks one important direction to the woman, and that is never to serve her husband with sauce.

Rumor now has it that MADRIE J. POWER intends to "bolt" HILL and support WALTER MILLER for Governor, any way.

While the Jacksonville affliction continues there should be no cessation of New York's contributions in aid of the sufferers.

TID-BITS FOR THE TABLE.

Celery, 15 cents.
Lettuce, 6 cents.
Hamburg, 18 cents.
Egg plant, 4 cents.
Pineapples, 8 cents.
Cauliflower, 10 cents.
Watermelons, 20 cents.
Pears, 10 cents a quart.
Pumpkins, 10 cents a quart.
Cucumbers, 7 cents a pound.
Orbits, 25 cents a bunch.
Peaches, 10 cents a quart.
Oranges, 30 cents a dozen.
Green corn, 15 cents a dozen.
Red snappers, first of the season, 15 cents a pound.

CHIEFS OF THE BLUECOATS.

Inspector CONLIN is recovering from a severe bilious attack, but while far from well attends to business daily.

Inspector WILLIAMS will entertain a dozen friends on his yacht on the occasion of the New York Yacht Regatta.

The many friends of Roundman Saul, of the Central Office, are urging him for one of the vacant sergeantships. He is an efficient officer and very popular.

Inspector STEERS is full of business, the fall inspection having begun. He is not in the best of health, but will give up work until an ambulance carries him away from his post of duty.

President STEPHEN B. FRENCH is warming up politically, and is betting freely on HARRISON. He is rather unlucky in this line, having dropped thousands of dollars on Blaine and Delancey Nicolli.

Supt. MURRAY and Chief Inspector BYRNES are Tammany Democrats. Inspector WILLIAMS is an outspoken Republican. Inspector STEERS is a Republican who never takes politics in uniform, and Inspector CONLIN is a County Democrat.

Property Clerk HARRIS has had his room painted and grained, and the Oliver Charick collection of paintings adorn his walls. Two landscapes by Dr. N. Carvalho and several pretty marine views by Davidson, old schoolmaster of Harriet, are among the works of high art.

POLITICAL NOTES.

The single tax mass-meeting at Cooper Union last night in favor of Cleveland and Thurman was a great success.

In spite of the rain the hall was crowded and the audience was very enthusiastic. Every reference to the Democratic ticket or platform was loudly applauded.

Henry George presided, and spoke briefly but forcibly at the opening of the meeting. "Let us elect George Cleveland," he said, "and we shall have tariff reform." The Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost received quite an ovation when he rose to speak, and Louis F. Post was also warmly applauded.

The Republican League has arranged for a great mass-meeting at the Polo grounds for the evening of the 20th of this month, at which Mr. Blaine will speak. Warner Miller, Chauncey M. Depew, Gov. Foraker and Congressman McKinley have been invited to speak. There is to be a torchlight procession, in which one hundred Republican clubs are expected to take part.

Edward J. Howe, a well-known Irish-American of the Fourth Ward, who was a supporter of Blaine in 1884; Frank Byrne, formerly Secretary of the Irish National League in Great Britain; John J. Moroney, and other Irish-Americans of this city have organized an Irish-American Independent Association which already has more than one thousand members. The association had a live meeting on Monday night at the rooms, 124 Union square, and passed emphatic resolutions in favor of Cleveland and Thurman, praising the Mills bill and arraigning the Republican party.

Advice Givings.

(From Jack).



Impetuous Boarder—I have eaten too hearty a dinner. What do you think would relieve me?
Landlord—Take a walk.
Landlord—Take a walk—about how long a walk?
Landlord—Say about seven hundred and sixty miles due West. That will relieve you—and me, too.

SEEKING A JOB.

An "Evening World" Man's Quest for Employment.

A Third Day's Car-Fare Expended Without Return.

Discouragements and Rebuffs for Himself and His Fellow-Seekers.

THE EVENING WORLD man in his character of a seeker after honest employment, awoke the third morning still with a tired feeling. His experience of the two previous days came back to his mind as he arose, and he actually felt for the moment as if he were out of a place and were playing a real part after all.

The morning paper lay before him, and, picking it up, he carefully perused the want column, wondering at the same time how many others were doing the same thing.

Carefully selecting such advertisements as he thought most hopeful, he started out again.

It was 6.30 o'clock when he left his residence, and when he reached THE EVENING WORLD office it was 1 o'clock.

His search had been in vain. After all his journeying not one position had he secured. His car-fare had been spent, and there had come no return other than a further experience of the discouragements that fall to the many who are forced to go about seeking as he had sought.

In many cases the applicants he met were old and decrepit men, and many of these came in answer to advertisements which called for young men, and which paid but a mere pittance.

Marring men with large families were met in search of situations which would scarcely pay enough to keep one average man.

Almost the same list of questions which had been hurled at the scribe in his previous days of searching were thrown at him again, and over and over he repeated the necessary petty equivocations as to experience and references.

HE BEGAN HIS HARD DAY'S WORK BY CALLING IN answer to this advertisement:

WANTED. Immediately, a good, rapid writer to address envelopes.

It was just 7 o'clock when the scribe arrived at the place, which is a large private school.

The reporter found ahead of him, waiting on the steps, a young colored man and a man who looked sixty years old. If a day. The pair were sitting on the stone steps, and the reporter joined them.

Pretty soon the door was opened and the trio went upstairs, where they were told to wait for a while.

A LONG WAIT.

It proved to be a long while.

By 8 o'clock the group of three had been augmented by the arrival of fifteen others, including another colored man.

All hands looked worn out. Half past eight the advertisement arrived.

At 9 o'clock there were fully thirty-five applicants sitting about the hall.

The advertisement called for young men, but surely the majority of these were over forty. They had lost in several cases, their hair was a silvery gray.

Speculation was rife as to who would be the lucky one when the gentlemen who inserted the advertisement arrived.

A CHEERY GREETING, ANYWAY.

He greeted the applicants with a cheery "Good morning, gentlemen."

"Step into this room, gentlemen," he continued, as he opened the door leading to a classroom.

"Sit down at the desk, and I'll give you some paper to write on," he went on.

The men sat down, the reporter with them, and each was furnished with a slip of paper.

For your names, now," began the gentleman.

TWO CHOSEN, MANY LEFT.

The class wrote. They then handed their slips to the advertiser, who looked them over. He had lost two names and dismissed the rest.

Looks of disappointment were depicted upon the faces of many as they left.

They had lost the making.

It was now almost too late to apply at any other place.

DISCOURAGEMENT ALL AROUND.

"Just my luck," said one to THE EVENING WORLD man. "Here I am with a family of four children and my wife to support, and it seems to me that I never will secure work."

I called at a gentleman's place this morning, and he offered me \$6 a month and my board. What do you think of that?" and he turned away.

After hearing his tale the reporter was even more deeply impressed with the situation. He, too, was beginning to feel discouraged at the prospect.

PERHAPS HE MIGHT DRIVE.

But some must starve while others grow rich.

The scribe pulled himself together, jumped on a passing car, and was soon at the place indicated in the following advertisement:

Here, too, as in former instances, he had been preceded by a small army. About the clock and across the way were congregated men, of whom a great many were twenty years of age several years ago. They all looked anxious.

The reporter stood with them and finally asked if the situation had been secured by any one.

"Not yet," answered one.

Finally a man from the store approached and invited some of the men inside. The reporter was not one of the lucky ones, and when the man emerged again it was with the information that he had been suited.

More time lost, and still no success.

COULD HE WRAP PARCELS?

It was close upon 11 o'clock when the scribe called in answer to an advertisement which called for experienced parcel wrappers; also salesmen for dress goods and domestic departments.

The place was a big dry-goods store, and the scribe made his way to the office on the second floor, where, after he had made known the object of his visit, he was courteously asked to wait.

While he was waiting two other young men entered. They, too, were told to wait, as were two pretty young ladies, applicants for the positions of saleswomen.

In about half an hour a young man approached and told the reporter's two brother applicants that the position had been filled. He then approached the reporter and inquired if he had had any experience. The scribe truthfully answered that he had not, and that settled it.

WHY NOT BE A PACKER?

The best part of the day had been spent in a fruitless search. The reporter was about

giving up the search for the day when his eye rested on the following:

PACKER—Strong young man wanted to assist in packing.

If he could not secure the other places, surely he could this.

He was certainly a strong young man, and the advertisement said nothing of experience. Indeed, he instantly to dress dropped in, pulled a bell, and presently a man wearing a jumper and a pair of overalls appeared coming from the cellar.

"Ever want to answer to the advertisement?" queried the latter individual.

Then, without waiting for an answer, he sized all the applicants up with a glance and volunteered the information that "We got out of the business before."

The reporter and the other men left, and the day's work was over.

Expenses for the day, 50 cents, and not even encouragement received in return.

A SELF-MADE JERSEYMAN.

Hudson County's District-Attorney Has Pushed Himself to the Front.

District-Attorney Charles Hardenburg Winfield, one of the ablest lawyers of Hudson County, and one of the leaders of its Democracy, is in every respect a self-made man.

The life now passed so busily among books and papers in the old Court-House, and the quiet of the Winfield mansion at Greenville was commenced under most humble surroundings in the little town of Deer Park, near Port Jervis, in November, 1829.

Hard work passed the country boy through Deckertown Seminary and Rutgers College, and harder work brought him to the bar in 1855, one of the youngest lawyers practicing at the time.

Since the opening of his legal experience Winfield has passed three years in the State Senate and four in the Assembly. He has spoken some of the most eloquent words ever heard in favor of the Democracy and established a national reputation.

Winfield's History of Hudson County" is his richest literary production. Historical research is Mr. Winfield's greatest pleasure. He is now engaged in tracing his own family, and has heard from 4,000 of his representatives in America.

He prefers a life of seclusion to one of excitement, but is always ready to lend his aid to any good cause, and is the ideal at which every youthful Jersey lawyer aims.

IN THE MISCELLANEOUS SECTION.

Rain, a Small Attendance, but Business Done Just the Same.

The rain caused a small attendance at the meeting of the Miscellaneous Section last night, but the business was transacted all the same. Charles Sotheran, of the Excelsior Labor Club, was elected Chairman, and J. T. Curry, of the Social Association, was Vice-Chairman.

The Excelsior Labor Club sent in a long resolution, denouncing a morning newspaper for publishing reports about the Excelsior Club and the Central Labor Union.

The Jewish Chamber of Commerce reported that the members of the People's Theatre had employed eighteen union choristers.

Council No. 1 of the Furniture and Carpet Employees' Association reported that Ross M. Cohen, of the Excelsior Club, had broken his agreement in failing to close early evenings. Union men have been requested to keep away from Mr. Cohen's place.

The advertisement in the retention of Ernest Bohm as Secretary and Wm. A. Hotchkiss, Financial Secretary. The election of a Sergeant-at-Arms was laid over until next week.

They don't dare to predict that even at this hour, if Chinamen close up shop and go back to Hong Kong, the very same state of affairs will happen to the cities of these humane politicians as far as the land of business is concerned, as they were in 1883.

We are the originators of this single great industry in the United States. We created an industry which other races have thrown away or were incapable of maintaining in its proper standard. And yet these relentless political hounds are even now endeavoring to make the workmen of the United States believe that we are competing and quarrelling with them in the laboring market for their various branches of trade.

The workmen, or a vast number of them in this country have others, indeed, themselves to do their thinking. Upon these the politicians desire to put their best work, for the moment these workmen begin to think for themselves they are no longer to be used as a tool for the politician's will.

They would say to the politician: "All right. If you workmen will only put us into office, we will show you how quick we can bounce these yellow work competitors."

They don't dare to say this towards the Italians, although they work cheaper than either the Irish or Germans, and are far niftier in habits than both, because these latter cannot vote for their own kind.

They don't dare to say this towards the Chinese, although they are the cheapest laborers in the world, in fact they were the outcast of every nation on the face of the earth.

They would say to the Chinese: "You would feed two of these Poles for an entire week, but the cowardly politicians refrain from attacking them because they likewise have no votes."

Votes are all the politicians are after, but from the Zulus or the Turks. If you have no votes you are a curse among them, even if you are as good as a high-toned Church Bishop and live like Mr. Yee Show How, of the consulate here. But if we are of no earthly use to these politicians, whose fault is it?

Is not there a law and a sacred Constitution that says, without distinction of race, color or previous condition of servitude, all men are created equal, and that they should have the inalienable rights of all men?

And yet, though nothing but pure prejudice against us as a race, they have not only deprived us of those inalienable rights of all men, but they are even now enthusiastically fighting in the United States Senate for a law to bar not only new Chinese arrivals, but the old residents of the United States from again landing upon its shores.

Even if China should retaliate, they say, Americans will not be the losers, but the 140,000 Chinamen or China would lose by it.

Let us see. According to the last reliable Shanghai reports, there is a regular American settlement, in which there are a little over eight hundred American men, women and children, and in Hong Kong still more, say 500. Thus, in these two seaports alone we have a total population of 1,700 Americans.

Surely our esteemed American politicians don't mean that they are to make American golden eagles and send them into Africa. They are, then, if we are not mistaken, to take the Chinamen's money and send it over, giving it over to America.

Do they all bring their families over to China? No! Do they adopt and conform to Chinese habits? No! To the contrary, they abuse our customs, tear down and de-

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NOT THAT LETTER.

Those Chinese Hieroglyphics Were Something Different.

They Embodied a Spirited Protest Against the Scott Bill.

Hints of Retaliation and That Somebody May Cry Enough.

After all it was not so. The resemblance was but fancied. That literary extract of Chinese published in yesterday's EVENING WORLD is declared by the Chinese editor, after painstaking investigation, not to have been a synopsis of Mr. Harrison's letter of acceptance, as was generally surmised from external appearances.

The glimpse of "grandpa's hat" among the mysterious hieroglyphics was only imaginative.

If candidate Harrison's managers had any intentions of giving his letter of acceptance to the Chinese publication in advance they suddenly changed their minds and issued the document to the American press in orthodox fashion last evening. And yet there are some unscrupulous Democrats who intimate that a version in Chinese would have been quite effective.

After much research by the philological department of THE EVENING WORLD it appears that the grotesque typography published yesterday was part of a page of celestial commentary on the Scott Chinese Exclusion bill.

Not only in the Weekly News, but in all the laundries and in the mouths of all the Celestials, the Scott bill is the common topic.

In free translation the hieroglyphics in the Chinese organ speak eloquently in sentences from which these were culled:

"Look out for yourselves, fellow-citizens, the Americans are once more in the act of electing their Chief Magistrate. This happens once in every four years, and we know and appreciate this particular moment more than any other sons of men in existence, as we are the stepping-stone and only road to the Presidential chair of any political party that ever came into existence in the United States."

Without us, or rather the abuse of us, neither the Republicans nor the Democrats can ever expect to carry on their Presidential campaign successfully.

Therefore, fellow-citizens, don't be alarmed at the sudden eloquence of a few beer-drinking and self-loving politicians who eloquently accuse us of sins of which they claim we only are guilty.

They say among other things that we are not content with their laborers, and that they do not compete with our laborers in China.

"Do we compete with them? If so, why? And as to what branch of this labor?"

"Oh! the laundry industry. Undoubtedly this is what these wise politicians are kicking about as being in opposition to their laborers' mark in the washing business."

The editor of the Chinese Weekly News was fortunately an eye-witness to the state of affairs in 1869 in the States of New York, Massachusetts and Wisconsin, when there was no single Chinese laundry in existence, and yet he failed to see in the places of these Chinese laundries now in existence in the above named States any Irish, German or American laundries.

A man might walk all the way from the Battery Park to the Harlem River with a basket on his head and not find a single wash-house, and then, should he be fortunate enough to find one, he was still more fortunate if he could get a single shirt out in time on Saturday evening to see